

[Produced by Paris]

[Verse 1: T-K.A.S.H.]

Yo, another funeral, the usual, the shooter knew the shooter
And the dudes in the crew in which the shooter was recruited
Now the shooter dude's Buick is movin' up on the shooter dudes

Now you see the shootin' through the news

What if the dude shootin' would've got to the bottom

Of what made him shoot him before he shot him?

Got a proper solution to the problem

Instead of talk tough and drop 'em

Walk up and wop him, a strong enough option

[Verse 2: Paris]

Little wild a** brother comin' up in the west

From the streets where the heaters never given a rest

Role models pa** the bottle, ain't no time for cla**

Gun play seem the only way to settle scraps

What we doin'? Let's get it together

Cause it don't make sense if we all can't make it better

Like the Crips and Bloods in nine deuce

P-Dog speaking on the truce, truth

[Verse 3: K.E.V.]

Or is it logic to be duckin' and dodgin'

Or take a precaution, try and wonder who's watchin'

Too much hate on ya brain is toxic

Mixed with the rock in ya pocket, it's a poisonous concoction

War's because of money, recruiters influence youth

Rumors turn into shootin's and shootin's become the truth

Facts is the belief that the stacks is written proof

And stacks is for better living but living is in the truce

[Chorus: T-K.A.S.H.]

(Truce Music)

I'ma put away the rag and get to ballin'

Toss my strap for the bigger callin'

(Truce Music)

I'ma put away the rag for the ones that's dead and gone

Headstrong, my bread is long

[Verse 4: T-K.A.S.H.]

If the neighborhood say it's good

We can make the hood way good like the way it should

We can make good, on the lake good

People of the past promise to change the hood, 'cause the best know

If you play Suge, all you ever get is Death Row

I ain't finna check nothing I don't get a check for

We can bang tough, or we can put the thangs up

Change up, step our game up, rearrange stuff

[Verse 5: Mellinium]

Look at each turf like a partnership, try to get a part of this

Fightin' for a piece of cake when we can have all of it

Trigger's on the safety, now the talks has gotta make things

Simple so an eight year old can see the life of eighteen

Take it there, I can't dream, these gunshots is audible

Waken to enlightenment or die for something honorable

Raisin' up the dollar though he tryin' to put a dot on you like dominoes

We gotta live way past survival, yo

[Verse 6: Paris]

Never ask first, blast first, never understand

Why the strap burst, clap first, another brother dead

Time to step back a bit, gotta ask why

We all in the penitentiary and all dyin'?

No lyin' - we caught in the middle

But how we break up out our circ*mstances is the riddle

Little time left, crime left too many of us fallin'

But how many gonna hear the callin'?

[Chorus: T-K.A.S.H.]

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[Interlude]

"This morning police are searching for suspects in an overnight shooting"

"A young man was, uh, gunned down in broad daylight. It happened right in front of a community center"

"Oakland remains one of the most dangerous cities in America"

"Two people are dead, and another injured, after an alleged stabbing and shooting in San Francisco's Richmond district"

"Two teenage girls and a twenty-three year old man were killed. The suspect is described as African American, with shoulder-length dreadlocks. He's 18 to 21 years old, 150 pounds, approximately 5 feet, 7 inches tall"

"We all walking around here, don't even know when we gonna be a victim of a crime"

[Chorus: T-K.A.S.H.]

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